

Marvel's Sentry Aspen
Flag Hymnal, "Cuth"
and Morale Supplement

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SENTRY ASPEN FLAG

19-21 OCT 1981
BUCKLEY FIELD
DENVER, CO

HYMNAL

"CUTH" & MORALE SUPPLEMENT

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all - fuck em all.

They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
I hit him in the head with a fucking peice of lead
Now the silly fuckers dead - fuck em all

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking peice of string
What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all.

The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come with his takes of kingdom come
He can shove em up his bung - fuck em all.

The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass - fuck em all.

The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The Sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew
They have fuck all else to do - fuck em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud - FUCK EM ALL!

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do tricks that would give a guy the shits
Squirt green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double back flip and catch them 'tween her tits
A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me
Hair around her ass like the branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck
Roll a barrel, drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown brown shit falling down
Brown brown shit all around
It was brown brown shit fa-ling down
And the whole world was covered with shit, shit shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful he looked up so shy
When a great peice of shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus:

This handsome young copper he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And beneath Brooklyn Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit".

Chorus:

NELLY DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You're the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley shifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went DAM BAM BAM!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife yes I do yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips and lily white tits
And her nut brown asshole
I'd eat her shit goble goble chomp chomp
With a rusty spoon.

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Corsairs at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Corsairs through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, glory halleluia, glory, glory Halleluia
Glory, glory halleluia, (Insert last line each verse)

We fly those fucking Corsairs at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Corsairs through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

Chorus

We fly those fucking Corsairs at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Corsairs through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

Chorus

O'LEARY's BALLS

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely, and stately, like the dome of St. Paul's
The women all muster, to see that great cluster
They stand and they stare at the great hairy par
O O'Leary's balls.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died;
And I don't think that the bastard lied,
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a prick of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel.
Two brass balls were filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was driven by steam.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (CONT)

Round and round went the bloody great wheel.
In and out went the prick of steel.
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied

Now we come to the tragic bit.
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from ass to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered by shit,

NO BALLS AT ALL

Now listen dear people and to you I'll tell,
About a young couple I once knew so well.
She wasn't so pretty he wasn't so tall,
For he was the man who had no balls at all.

Chorus:
No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married the man who had no balls at all.
No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married the man who had no balls at all.

The night they were married she jumped into bed,
Her ass was so rosy her cherry so red.
She reached for his penis his penis was small,
She reached for balls, he had no balls at all.

She thought if she rubbed it she'd get it to raise,
She rubbed all that night and the next sixteen days.
But rub as she might it did no good at all,
For he was the man who had no balls at all.

She thought if her mother she'd go in her grief,
To see if perhaps she could get some relief,
For mother had known all the men big and small,
Including the kind who had no balls at all.

Oh mother dear mother what am I to do,
I've married a man who's unable to screw.
My worries are many my pleasures are small,
I've married a man who has no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter now don't feel so bad.
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The very next day she took mother's advice,
And lay with the who delivered the ice.
Down in the parlor that's right off the hall,
Lay the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

NO BALLS AT ALL (CONT)

Now she is happy, no more she's forlorn,
She has no more worries than when she was born.
A bouncing young baby is due in the fall.
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on the thorofare
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jeruselem

No Kathuselem was a wiley witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that hid the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem.

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselem.

One night returnign from a spree
A quite consistant Jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced to cross Kathuselem

And so he challenged her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards at throbbed and shook
The walls of old Jeruselem

KATHUSELEM (CONT)

This giant of old was unerslung
He missed cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem.

Kathuselem she knew her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew hem like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem.

And there he lay a broken mass
His cock all bent with shit and gas
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
All over the walls of Jeruselem.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king
Who many long years ago
Ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low.

His only under clothing was
A filthy undershirt
It was long enough to hide his hide
But never to hide the dirt.

He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood
But the sport he loved the best of all
Was pullin his royal pud.

Wild and wooly and full of fleas
His terrible tool hung dow to his knees
God save the bastard king of England.

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And an amorous dame was she
And she loved to fool with the royal tool
From far across the sea.

So she sent a special message
By a special messenger
And asked the royal bastardship
To spend the night with her

When Phillip of France heard this
He summoned his royal court
Said who prefers my rival
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap
To give the queen a dose of clap
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (CONT)

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk
He took himself to France
Declared himself a flutter
The king took down his pants

He dropped a thong around his dong
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And thus avenged the bastard king of England.

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance
And groveled on the floor
For during the ride his royal pride
Had stretched a yard or more.

And all the girls in England
Came down to London town
And shouted around the castle
The hell with Englands crown.

So Phillip assumed the throne
His scepter was the royal bone
With which he downed the bastard king of England.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

It was midnight in Denver
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped General France
And this is what he said.
"Corsairs, gentle Corsairs, Corsairs one and all
Pilots, Gentle Pilots, and all the pilots Balls
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Corsair jets and shove them up your a

Cruising down the MOA, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six Eagles on my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-thirty, My God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I racked that Corsair in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let all my BDU's go
I nuked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

They sent me to New Raymer, the brief said "Don't look back"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die.

I bailed out from the Corsair, my landing was top line
With I and I equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it
That God Damn Zorens, had filled the thing with shit.

Chorus
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, Throw a nickel on the grass
Leave a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

The boys up from the other groups, they think they are so hot
They brag about the Corsairs, that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when they holler and hoot
In to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

We flew our Corsairs through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from thirty-four, busting through the mach
That Corsair jet was moving now, falling like a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel George, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Airburst, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Corsair in the blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bent a butt and sing the second verse.

THE GOD DAMN END
WITH
LOVE
MARVEL

